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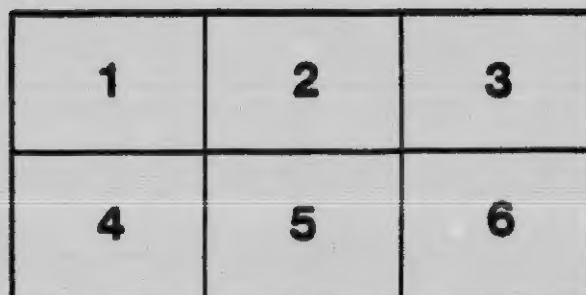
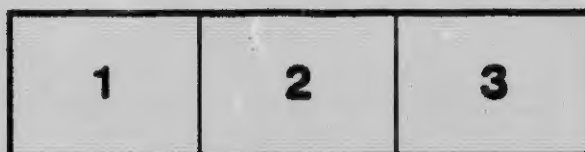
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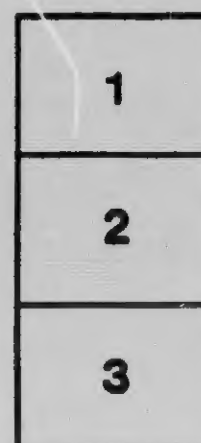
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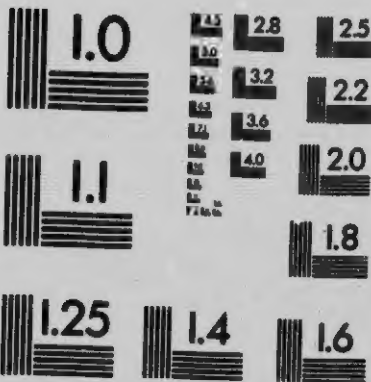
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SPEECHES

BY

HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX
POSTMASTER GENERAL OF CANADA

DELIVERED AT THE

CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY

1909



SPEECHES

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CHALMERS ENGINEERING CO.

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1901

DINNER TO MR. TAFT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PLATTSBURG, JULY 7, 1908.

TOAST: "CANADA."

MR. CHAIRMAN, YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I must, in the first place, thank you most cordially for giving me the opportunity of being present on this most interesting occasion. It is one of those occasions that bind peoples together and promote international amity and good-fellowship, and I regard it as a high honour as well as a pleasure to occupy a small place in your important programme. If for no other reason than that it afforded an opportunity of meeting the chief magistrate of your great republic it would be a memorable day. Not that President Taft is indeed a stranger to me, or to the people of Canada generally. Next to the heads of our own government, we in Canada are interested in the great man who is chosen by popular vote every four years to preside over the destinies of ninety millions of our kinsmen. We regard your proceedings on these remarkable occasions as amongst the grandest object lessons contained in history of the wise and judicious use made by freemen of their freedom, and to be equalled only by the smoothness and facility with which our own governmental machinery, modelled along somewhat different lines, enables us also to choose our rulers and to control our destiny. Thus it is that we have learned to know Mr. Taft almost as though we were his own countrymen, and to admire and respect him no less. We have followed his great career as counsel, judge, diplomat, statesman, and rejoiced with you when his long services to the state and to humanity won for him the highest gift it is in the power of any people to bestow.

Now, as to the celebration itself. Need I say what a special pride I feel in the fact that my ancestors came from that same land of chivalry and song that sent forth the great navigator who three centuries ago sailed, first among the white men of the world, the waters of this beautiful lake. A year ago we in Canada celebrated the foundation by Samuel de Champlain of the ancient city of

Quebec, which thus became the mother city of the present Dominion. You will not wonder that we in Canada were proud and glad to do honour to Champlain's memory, that Canadians of English and French blood united to pay enthusiastic tribute to the intrepid French mariner who had been the founder of a nation. How can we be other than proud of a man who fathered and cherished an infant colony as he fathered and cherished the tiny community of Quebec? How can we but admire and marvel at the pluck and persistence of the man who crossed the Atlantic ocean twenty times in days when one such passage was a thrilling adventure, sailing not in luxurious liners with elaborate menus and electric light and daily newspapers and wireless telegrams throughout a short six-day voyage, but in tiny cockleshells of 60 or 80 tons, and amid all the personal discomfort and risk that such navigation entailed. Whether we view him as explorer, missionary, soldier, statesman, or even as historian, Champlain will always remain one of the great figures of American history. No man foresaw more clearly than he the vastness of America's destiny.

It is natural, too, and right that the people of the United States and of Canada should come together in such a celebration. Their histories have been interwoven from the beginning, and their relations have been of the closest and most intimate character. It was from the United States somewhat over a century ago that we received the first considerable addition to our population, a gallant band of immigrants who laid the foundation of the English stock of Canada. Time passed on and a generation or so ago your new and fertile west proved a magnet to scores of thousands of sturdy and progressive young Canadians from Ontario, while at the same time the great manufacturing cities of New England drew off many thousands more of our people from Quebec and from our provinces down by the sea. We were returning with interest the loan of population you had originally made to us. These same Canadians, we are proud to remember, have entered every walk of life in your country and have everywhere acquitted themselves well. To-day they constitute one of the most important elements in your great population.

Now it is the Canadian star which is again in the ascendant, and the movement of population is once more from you to us. A welcome stream of settlers began five or six years ago to trickle from your west across the boundary line into the newly opened prairie lands of Canada, and the stream from year to year until it became during the last year or two a mighty torrent which is continuing still to flood

our vast vacant west with well-to-do and experienced settlers at the rate of fifty, sixty and seventy thousand a year. Is it surprising that under such circumstances, with such an ebb and flow of population our relations should be close, that we should know each other with an intimacy which but rarely exists between neighbouring peoples?

Are there elsewhere in the world two states where there is such international intercourse of every kind as between United States and Canada, such marrying and giving in marriage, such interchange of friendly visits, such borrowing and lending between banks; such courtesies between newspapers, such similarity of social method and commercial outlook, such bonds of unity in thought and speech, in reading and religion, in all in fact that goes to make the sum of our life from day to day and from year to year, as between our people and your people? Those relations have never been more cordial, more wholly happy than they are at the present time. In a general way I do not know that there is room for more improvement, but we on our side at least are determined that they shall never be less happy than to-day.

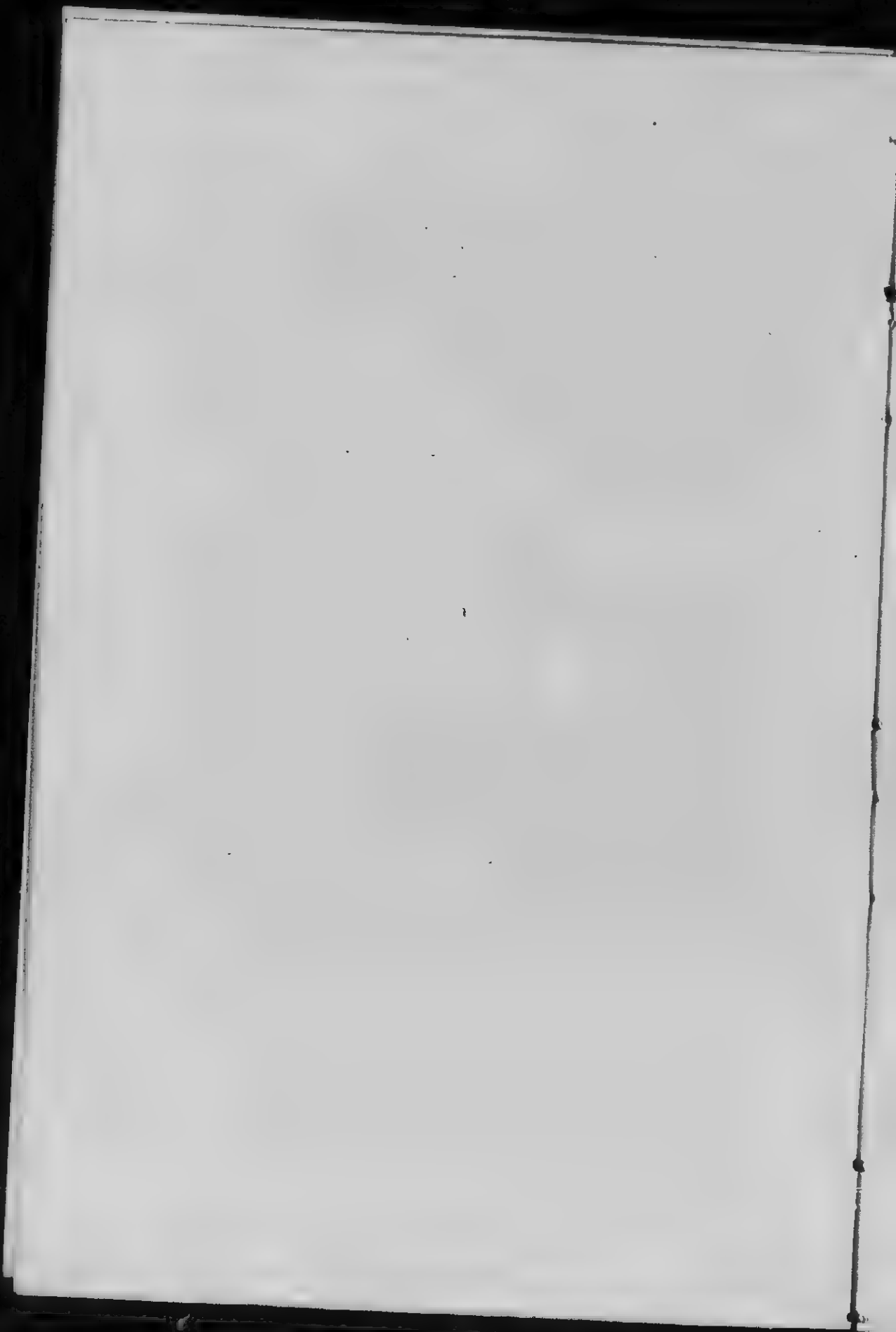
Commercially, certainly there is room for expansion, and expansion there is bound to be of the widest character. When we reflect that there are to-day seven millions of people in Canada who live in almost every respect as you live in the United States, and who, taken in the mass, are as comfortable and as prosperous as any equal number of people in the world, it is not a wildly impossible idea that we should buy from you to the extent of say \$50 per head per annum. That would still be a very small fraction of our annual outlay, and if we buy from you to that extent then surely we should sell to you in somewhat the same proportion, and buying and selling to the extent of \$50 a head of 7,000,000 people would represent a total trading of nearly \$700,000,000. Last year our total trade with you was \$324,169,425, and two-thirds of it was what we bought from you. You will agree, I am sure that there is room for expansion here, an expansion which would mean an increase in the commerce and prosperity of both countries and an even greater intimacy than at present. For you cannot trade with people without knowing them; and you cannot quarrel with those with whom you do extensive business—it does not pay. So let us have trade and friendship and harmony without end, as befits two enlightened races of a common stock, a common tongue and a common literature. Such matters of difference—nay, I will not say “difference”, such matters of regula-

tion as there must be between us we shall refer as a matter of course to arbitration, as we are doing to-day—we have signed five treaties with you during the year and a sixth is under consideration—and each new arbitration, each new treaty shall be but a new bond of amity between us.

I am not sure that it may not be said, it has at least been suggested by some students of history, that we in Canada owe to you of the United States in a measure our first symptoms of national life. Your great revolution caused a new outlook on affairs for all concerned, and our earliest form of self-government in Canada, far back in 1791, followed hard upon your own establishment as a republic. It is hard to trace the workings of history, but doubtless your own epoch-making struggle, guided by the giant mind of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, had its influence on the new Canadian colonies that had lately passed from the possession of France to that of Britain. Then at any rate were planted the seeds of the broad confederation which to-day stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Then it was that we made our first step in self-government, to be followed as time passed, not without passing here and there over rough ground, by other steps, which secured us the fullest control of our own internal affairs.

The difficult question of fiscal powers was soon afterwards settled once and for all, in what we know now to have been the only possible way, by the concession of absolute fiscal independence, and independence which included of necessity the right of putting the parent country on a level with all other countries with respect to taxation, but an independence of which we have made use for a number of years to give a preference in our markets to goods from the mother land. Then came the crown of the political edifice, the confederation of our scattered provinces, and then at last, some two score years ago, your northern neighbour was fairly started on its career as a nation. You have heard somewhat from us since those days. Time does not permit that on the present occasion I should enter too much into detail or attempt to place before you a complete picture of the Canada of to-day, but since my toast is "Canada" I shall be pardoned for dwelling for a moment in conclusion on what we are doing and intend to do in the way of developing this wonderful heritage that has passed under our control. For over twenty years a great Trans-continental Railway has bound the remote East to the remote West, and has been a great artery of commerce and travel and enlightenment,

a revelation to our own people and to all the world of our wealth of territory and our vastness of opportunity. Twenty years ago we believed one such railway the climax of effort. We were half afraid at what we had done. We hardly realized the strength that lay in our boundless resources. Now we have changed all that. Years of prosperous development have given us confidence and assurance. Instead of being satisfied—almost more than satisfied—with our Transcontinental Railway, we wanted a second and a third, and trains are running to-day on the three of them. In a year or two the three bands of steel, with innumerable feeding and connecting lines, will lace our broad northern land with a network of railways. We have made homes for hundreds of thousands of settlers from the old world, for scores of thousands of settlers, as I have said, from your own country. We have built populous and prosperous cities by the score on lands which twenty years ago, ten years ago, in some cases even five years ago, were unknown to any but the explorer or the trapper. We have made great seaports on the Pacific Ocean; we propose now to make a seaport in the middle of the continent and carry our grain by salt water from the wheat fields to Liverpool. And we know that we are only at the beginning of our possibilities, that there is practically no limit to what we may achieve to the height to which we may rise, to the contribution we may make to human happiness, if we have but faith in ourselves, and seek to accomplish the destiny that manifestly awaits us. We can do nothing of all this unless we work in harmony and co-operation with yourselves, our great neighbour, whose example has done so much to stimulate our best efforts. Working side by side for the same high ideals, inherited equally from an ancestry and a literature in which we have a common interest and pride, we cannot fail, each under the flag we honour and love, to promote the true welfare of our people and to advance the happiness of mankind.



CHAMPLAIN TERCENTENARY.

BURLINGTON, JULY 8, 1909.

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR EXCELLENCIES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Twelve months ago, the eyes of the world were riveted on Quebec, on the occasion of its tercentenary. The Heir to the Throne was there to represent our great and good King, His Majesty Edward the Seventh. France and the United States, the two sister Republics, were also welcomed guests at that unique gathering. Unfurled at the masts of a mighty fleet, floated the Union Jack, the Tricolour, and the Stars and Stripes. The flags of three great nations were thus unfurled and entwined in honour of Samuel de Champlain, founder of Quebec and father of New France. The event is one never to be forgotten. Fortunate were those who witnessed the memorable pageantry. They brought back with them a sense of rapture which the vision of Quebec alone of all American cities can produce. The Plains of Abraham where the two heroes fell, the old walls and the world-famed Citadel reminded one of the mighty struggles of the past; while over yonder, what a panorama unrolled itself before the eyes! Here the city with its glacis and terrace, its battlements and quaint gables; there, the fort-crowned heights of Lévis, the graceful meandering of the River St. Charles, bathing the Laurentian mountains, the Emerald Isle of Orleans, and, as far as the eye can reach, snow-white villages dotting the banks of the St. Lawrence, their spires resounding with the soft tinkle of the chapel and convent bells.

Twelve months have elapsed, and to-day as by enchantment, we are assembled here to take part in other festivities in honour of the same hero. The scene has changed—but the three great nations vie with each other in again offering their homage to Samuel de Champlain. We are privileged in having with us the President of the United States. France and England are also officially represented by their Ambassadors. The scene has changed, but the actors are the same. Indeed, the name of Champlain belongs not only to one race, but to humanity. His fame as a navigator and as a discoverer extends far beyond Quebec, far beyond this lake. It extends all over

America. With the hope of finding the highway to the riches of India, the fervour of his ardent spirit led him in his first voyage to project a canal across the Panama. And later on, still dreaming that a pathway might yet be found which would lead him to this golden land, he penetrated through the St. Lawrence as far as the great inland seas. He, before all others, surveyed the Ottawa river and its tributaries. He was a pioneer. The Panama canal is now well under way, and thanks to the vigorous and enlightened policy of President Taft, the world will soon realize what the opening of the Isthmus means for the interchange of commerce between the east and the west. Some day, not too far distant, the Canadian government will build the Georgian Bay canal. Its course will follow practically the same route as that surveyed by Champlain three centuries ago. The dream of a pathway to Cathay has long ago been fulfilled. From Montreal, four days' travel carries one to the Pacific, and the wealth of the Orient is within his grasp. With the Transcontinental railways and the Empress lines of steamers, the mysteries of the far east have now faded away.

But, Sir, what is the true significance of this celebration, and why this gathering? If Quebec, if the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the last conflict between the two great rival powers, stand in bold relief in the annals of America, this Lake Champlain valley can also well be pointed to as one of the hallowed grounds of this continent. Long before its discovery by Champlain, the blue waters of the lake shaded by the primeval forests were traversed by the warring Indian tribes in their crafts of fragile bark. The red men knew the importance of this site in their errands. They had called it the "Gate of the Country". And when Champlain, induced by his allies to visit these shores in July, 1609, gazed upon this sheet of water, he soon foresaw what its undisputed possession meant from a strategical point of view. Here was the highway between Quebec and Albany, between the north and the south, between New France and New England, a highway through which, during 250 years surged the tides of war and travel. In time of peace, the picturesque flotillas of canoes brought here from the deepest recesses the fur trader, the trappers, the *coureurs de bois* and the black-robed missionary. In time of war, from the north and from the south, marched with unflinching steps the *élite* of French and English armies—and later, of the American army—in order to gain control of this all-important thoroughfare. From whatever point the eye wanders on this lake,

It rests upon some historical fortifications which, though silent, bear witness that the destinies of France, of England, of the United States and of Canada were largely decided here. Fort Ste. Anne at Isle La Motte, Fort St. Frederic at Crown Point, Fort Carillon at Ticonderoga, are landmarks familiar to every schoolboy on both sides of the boundary. And what great men—pioneers, generals, soldiers, whose fame re-echoes from shore to shore! On that roll of honour Canada stands prominently. In the words of Parkman: 'When America was first known to Europe, the part assumed by France on the borders of that new world was peculiar, and is little recognized. While the Spaniard roamed sea and land, burning for achievement, and while England with soberer steps and less dazzling result, followed in the path of discovery and gold-hunting, it was from France that those barbarous shores first learned to serve the ends of peaceful commercial industry.' A Canadian, of French descent, it is with pardonable pride that I may recall the fact that the pioneers of civilization on the American continent were men of my race. They were the first to leave the ridges of the eastern hills and to open their march through those reaches of the continent where lay the untrodden paths of the far west. There, upon the courses of the distant rivers that gleamed before them in the sun, down the farther slopes of the hills beyond, out upon the broad fields that lay upon the fertile banks of the Mississippi, upon the long stretch of the continent to the Rockies—those were the regions in which, joining with people in every race and clime under the sun, they helped to make the great compounded nation whose liberty and mighty works of peace were to cause all the world to stand and gaze in wonderment. Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, who, following the footsteps of Champlain, settled in New France, were of a roaming and adventurous disposition. Being, many of them, scions of noble families, sons of warriors—trade, and still less the tilling of the soil,—did not appeal to their tastes; they preferred forest life, with the entrancing emotions of the hunter; it was almost war again. The Puritans of the New England colonies were more practical and satisfied with living on the land close by the sea. One hundred years after the settlement of Virginia, the colonists from that state had not yet crossed the Alleghanies, whilst explorers from New France had overrun all the vast regions along the Mississippi to New Orleans, whose founder, Iberville, came from Quebec. These daring ancestors of ours had tramped, before the Seven Years' War, the country covered to-day by Michigan,

Illinois, Missouri, Iowa. They had staked the sites of many great cities of to-day. Louis Joliet and Father Marquette, to whose memory statues have been erected, discovered the Mississippi in 1673, though it is pretended that de Soto had visited that river almost a century before, but for a long time all knowledge of that great water course had been lost. Cavalier de la Salle, explored the course of the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico three years after Marquette, and gave the country adjoining it the name of Louisiana, which designated for a long time a much larger tract of country than it does now. Father Hennepin who had accompanied Lasalle, also explored the west and discovered the Falls of St. Anthony where the Indians captured him. *Du Lhut*, after whom the promising city of Duluth was named, was the first European who visited the State of Minnesota, establishing a settlement on the shores of Lake Huron (St. Joseph) 1680. Detroit was founded by Lamothe-Cadillac; the city of Dubuque by Julien Dubuque, a Canadian; Chouteau built the first house in St. Louis, and Salomon Juneau was the father of the ambitious city of Milwaukee, whilst Vital Guérin chose the site of the ever-growing city of St. Paul. Beaubien camped on the site of Chicago and afterwards established a trading post on that spot. Vincennes owes its name and origin to the Chevalier de Vincennes. Glancing over the archives of Wisconsin and Minnesota, there is no exaggeration in saying that the colonization and settlement of the west was due to Canadians. In fact, the descendants of the *Coueurs de bois* so vividly described by Parkman, were wont to overrun the west. After the War of Independence, they made the territories which now comprise the states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, &c., their home, and many of them were the connecting link between the Indians and the United States, acting as interpreters when treaties were concluded between the Aborigines and the American government. Leclerc, Perrault, Bisailon, to name but a few, were well known by American statesmen of the time, and advantage was taken of their intercourse and good relationship with the Indians to bring about treaties with the United States. It is also a fact that these Canadians were much more in sympathy with the Indians than the American colonists, living their lives, associating with them in their every day pursuits. Thus, they contributed largely to the extension of civilization westward. 'Westward the *Star of the Empire* takes its way,' says the American poet. Might I not add: 'Guided by Canadian explorers'?

I referred a moment ago to the Puritans. The stern puritan character of the Pilgrim Fathers, who founded New England, was perhaps less romantic and picturesque than that of the French cavaliers who planted the cross on the heights of Quebec and roamed all over the continent, but they also represented ideals which contributed in the making of the North American Continent. To them, to their courage and their patient labours, is due the enormous expansion of the Republic. To their spirit of individual initiative and endurance must we assign the evolution which has taken place in the political institutions of the continent. Sons of Great Britain, they could not but live up to those ideals which, born in the forests of northern Europe and nursed on the sea, were destined to rise to full stature in the boundless regions and wilds of America. They, above all others, can claim to have accomplished the great task of building this great American nation and of inspiring its polity. Englishmen bred in law and ordered government, they left an ancient realm, a land of art and letters to built states in a wilderness. They brought civilized nation into the wild air of an untouched continent. All with them the steadied habits and sobered thoughts of a highly honour to the Pilgrim Fathers!

But whilst we must show appreciation of the explorers and pioneers of this continent and of the warriors who fought and died here for their country, whilst to forget such true and brave men or even to yield them indifferent praise, would be but shame, yet, Sir, is not this the fittest occasion to proclaim our determination that now on and for ever the American commonwealth and the Dominion of Canada shall always promote and advance the cause of peace, harmony and civilization on this vast continent? There are heroes of peace as there are heroes of war. In our modern times, death sacrifice is not demanded as in days gone by. With less glamour perhaps, but with no less glory, can the statesmen, by standing faithfully to their unthanked tasks of public service, make their country a better land. Assembled here, on the historic shores of Lake Champlain, the representatives of three great nations can well afford to proclaim before the whole world that the arts of peace are above all the most civilizing. The *entente cordiale* between France and England has given Europe the assurance of a long period of rest. The ties of friendship which bind Great Britain to the American Republic have removed from the New World all causes of friction. What better evidence could be given of the existence of that friendly spirit than

that for nearly a century the policing of the Great Lakes has been reduced to a minimum of armed cruisers! What better evidence of a sincere mutual affection between the two nations than that within a very short period of time five treaties affecting Canada and the United States have been negotiated, signed and ratified; a sixth awaits ratification, and a seventh is almost completed? This is indeed an inspiring example to the whole world—two nations separated only by a boundary line—which for three thousand miles have no other protection against hostilities than the fixed and settled determination of both peoples to pursue in peace the different paths which they have been treading for more than one hundred years. Under different flags we are pressing toward a single goal: *freedom, righteousness and duty*—thus uniting in the loftiest of hopes, aspirations and ideals.

DINNER TO MR. TAFT, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BURLINGTON, JULY 2, 1908.

TOAST: "CANADA."

YOUR EXCELLENCIES, MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:

Although there is no toast to which I would be more desirous of doing full justice than that of Canada, with which you have been kind enough to couple my name, yet I would remind you that I have already once to-day spoken at some length, and I know that you will not therefore expect me this evening to attempt 'o play the orator. Some few obvious remarks are all that I shall offer you on a subject which of all others, would stimulate eloquence and stir the imagination—that of one's native country. For the third time during this brilliant week of pageantry and festival I find myself in the same gathering with your distinguished President and each time I rejoice the more of my good fortune. For we, in Canada, are almost as proud of Mr. Taft being President as you are in the United States, and I sometimes find it difficult to believe we are not really countrymen of each other. I was referring yesterday, Mr. Chairman, in yet another speech I had been called upon to deliver on this prolific subject of Canada, to the number of American citizens who have lately been coming into Canada to live, but none of these western settlers have, I assure you, settled in Canada half as often as President Taft. Your President, Mr. Chairman, has settled down in Canada promptly at the beginning of summer for several years, but unfortunately with the ending of summer he has 'settled up', and left us, just as do those gay feathered visitors whose stay is all too short. But if we have not been able to keep Mr. Taft with us we have returned him to you in good condition year by year, for I am proud to believe that no small share of that splendid health, those buoyant spirits he possesses, are the fruit of those glorious summers on the St. Lawrence, and I promise you that if after a year or two

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of the cares of office you find your President getting pale and frail, and you send him back to us for a summer, we will do our duty faithfully and return him to you as well as ever.

Nor must I forget to point to a record claim which Canadians may well advance to part ownership in your President, whether as to Mr. Taft or his predecessor or his successor, when in the course of time, some eight, twelve or sixteen years from now he shall have a successor. Let me remind you that you have received into the republic some hundreds of thousands of Canadian citizens, men and women whom I admit we could ill spare, and whom we saw with reluctance cross to your side of the border. But since they did not stay with us we are glad at least that they went to help to build up a great nation kindred to our own and bound to us by an infinite number of ties. And we have not only helped with our bone and sinew to build up your nation, we have not only sent you what we may without boastfulness claim to be one of the most progressive elements in your population, one that assists rather than retards you in the wonderful process of race assimilation in which the republic is ceaselessly engaged, but we have stood shoulder to shoulder with you to preserve the Union. The little Canada of fifty years ago sent no less than 45,000 men to fight in the ranks of the north, to maintain the ascendancy of the stars and stripes. That is one of the great facts of history, a fact which we are proud to remember in Canada, and which constitutes a link of golden sentiment, a bond that may never be severed, between your country and mine, between Canadians and Americans.

I think, Mr. Chairman, I have justified my statement that Canadians may claim part ownership in your President, but the kinship of the race is a pleasant subject, and it is well to dwell upon it yet for a moment. Our common language alone wipes out a multitude of barriers such as commonly exist between nation and nation, causing prejudices, confusion and misunderstanding, and enables either of us to feel at home in the other's country, even though another flag than our own flies above us. But with a common tongue comes a common literature, and we in Canada and you in the United States have an equal pleasure and an equal ownership in the glories of English literature. Is not the common right to Shakespeare alone

a constant source of pride and joy, a binding force which cannot be equalled by laws or legislatures! Well has Carlyle said: "Here is an English King whom no time or chance, parliament or continuation of parliaments can dethrone! This King, Shakespeare, does he not shine, a crowned sovereignty, over us all, the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs, indestructible, really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatever." What American or Canadian goes to Shakespeare's shrine at Stratford but feels as strong a sense of ownership in this sovereign of the intellect as do those who still live in the island-cradle of the race; and as with Shakespeare so with the lesser princes of English literature, Milton and Pope and Byron and Burns and Shelley and Keats till we come down almost to our own time with Browning and Tennyson in poetry and Scott and Dickens and Thackeray and George Elliot and countless others in fiction; are not Ruskin and Carlyle names cherished in all the English speaking world, whether it be in Boston or Montreal, in London or Edinburgh, in Melbourne or in Johannesburg! When you celebrated a few years ago the centenary of your great Emerson, the Aristotle of New England, did not the tributes that came from across the Atlantic equal those which America itself paid the memory of the sage? Is not a memorial of the author of 'Hiawatha' and 'The Village Blacksmith', songs that breathe the atmosphere of the new world, to be found in Westminster Abbey, the Valhalla of the British race? Do we not in fact find the whole brilliant group of nineteenth century New England poets and teachers loved and honoured through all the English-speaking world—Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier? Nor must I forget Parkman, the classic historian of the past century, a name peculiarly grateful to Canadian ears since no writer has equalled the fascinating pages in which this gifted American depicts the romance and the tragedy of the pioneer era of our country. Particularly, too, should we to-day remember Parkman, seeing that it is he who has told for us the story of the stirring events we are now celebrating. There is an entire community in all these great names, a joint ownership giving us in Canada rights with which we do not intend to part, and weaving ever-strengthening ties of love and affection between the kindred people who have partnership therein.

I would remind you, too, of another historic navigator whose tercentenary is celebrated this present year, Henry Hudson, who stands to the English race as Champlain stands to the French, and whose name is perpetuated in yet more famous pieces of water, the beautiful Hudson river, with you of the south and the majestic Hudson bay, with us of the north. Here once more, in the deeds of the Hudson and their fruit to-day, we have the same division of ownership, the same binding influence of history. Our past is inextricably interwoven with yours. Such a partnership gives an added zest to the tribute we yield to these old heroes of Europe whose undaunted hearts and iron resolution won for us by years of suffering and privation the two rich and wonderful lands we control to-day. It is curious to reflect that both Champlain and Hudson were possessed with the same dream that inspired Columbus, that of finding the road to the East by going West. Hudson believed he was on the way to China when he entered the broad river that bears his name, and when he knew he had failed he tried again a year later, and was more convinced than ever when he sailed the waters of the great inland Sea of the North that he had at last found the passage to the Orient. Such achievements under such circumstances must intensify the respect and veneration in which we hold the names and memories of those who thus slowly and painfully traced the secrets of the new world. They found not always what they sought, it is true, but not infrequently won their greatest triumphs in what appeared their direst failures. If they won triumphs at all under such circumstances it is because they were animated by high ideals, by ardent patriotism and by a passionate desire to add to the strength and vigour and glory of the stock from which they sprung.

Reverting for a moment to Champlain, of whom we know much more than history tells us of Hudson, we may say of him he was far more than navigator. He was statesman and missionary as well as explorer, and it is not too much to say that the leading spirits of those who worked with Champlain were in their way as ardent missionary reformers as any whom we to-day send out to China and India, or to darkest Africa. Champlain aimed to christianize the new world, and many who followed after him, as Parkman's pages tell us, were martyrs to this lofty and inspiring hope. May we not with advantage

to-day pattern ourselves after these fine spirits of our remote past. Is it not your own Emerson who says 'Hitch your wagon to a star' ? Let us continue the development of the lands we have received in trust, and continue also the high aim and noble ambition of our predecessors, and if we do not always accomplish precisely what we set out to do we may at least be sure that efforts and energies so spent will leave humanity the richer.

In the words of the poet:

Nothing worth winning is won with ease,
 The goal worth reaching is sacred ground,
 And it can't be reached in a gentle walk,
 Or a burst of speed and a leap and bound.
 The eagle of victory perches high,
 And the climbing soul has far to climb,
 With death and doubt in the vales below,
 And the stars far off on the hills of time.

